JULY 10, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

"ALL AMERICAN"

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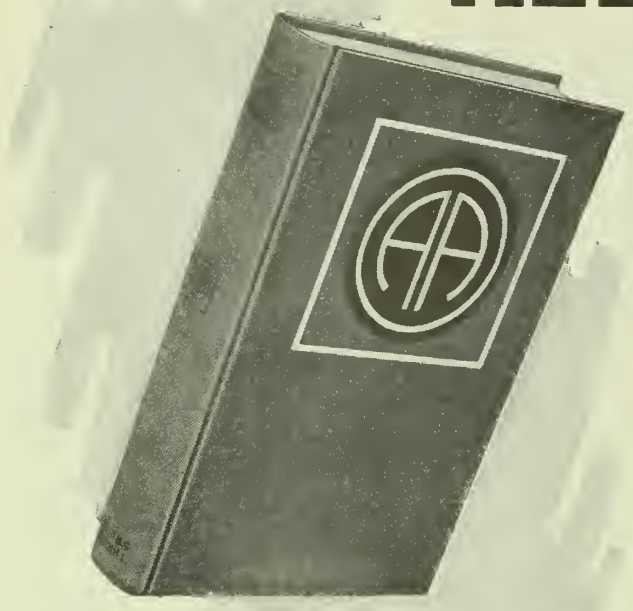

"THE MELTING POT"

IT doesn't seem possible that a Division—to be exact, the 82nd Division, A. E. F.—could contain men of each of the myriad nationalities that are in the United States of America—contain them tranquilly—happily—go into battle shoulder to shoulder—Greek to Turk—German to French—Serb to Austrian—and cover itself with undying glory.

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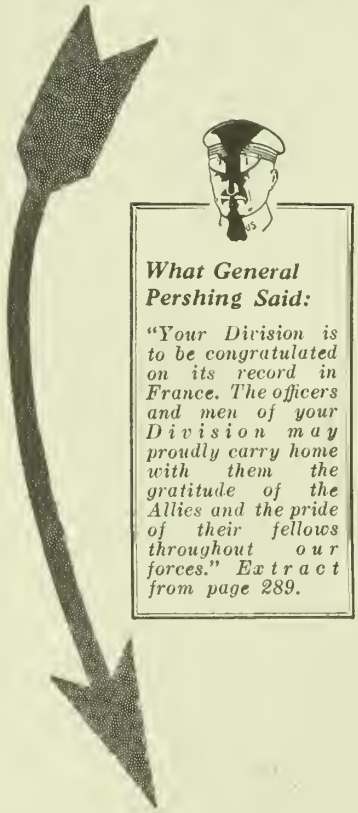

What General Pershing Said:

"Your Division is to be congratulated on its record in France. The officers and men of your Division may proudly carry home with them the gratitude of the Allies and the pride of their fellows throughout our forces." Extract from page 289.

DESCRIPTION

THIS Official History of the 82nd Division has been written by the Divisional and Commanding Officers.

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July 10, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 7, No. 28

Ce numéro de l' American Legion Weekly est notre annuel "France Number". La plupart de nos lecteurs ont été dans ce beau pays (beau, c'est à dire, quand le soleil brillât, if ever) et ceux parmi nos membres qui n' y ont jamais été etaient en train pour y partir quand la guerre mondiale blew up with a bang. Notre numéro du dix Juillet contient des reminiscences humoureuses par M. Steuart M. Emery, anciennement soldat de deuxième classe (this is no knock at Mr. Emery). Il y a aussi une autre article dans le series "On the Trail of the A. E. F." par M. Joseph Mills Hanson, auparavant capitaine, Section Historique, G. Q. G. Américain, qui habite à present Dakota du Sud. On trouvera aussi une discussion interessante écrite par la femme d' un veteran américain qui est resté en France depuis la guerre. After all, there's no language like English.

* * *

Twelve weeks from next Monday the Seventh National Convention of The American Legion will open in Omaha. Another great Legion year is drawing to a close. Incidentally, this has been the longest official year in the Legion's history. With the Sixth National Convention at St. Paul held, as it was, in September, the present fiscal year, once the dates of the Omaha convention (October 5th to 9th inclusive) had been fixed, became almost a thirteen-month affair. The Omaha convention, therefore, will be an unusually important milestone in Legion history. That's only one reason for going to Omaha. Others are the hospitality the Legionnaire will find there and the ample accommodations for the host of visitors and delegates who are certain to make the trip.

* * *

Mr. Hanson is the author of the lines about Seicheprey which he quotes in his article on "Toul and the Road to Metz" in this issue. We see no reason why the Weekly has to be modest just because Mr. Hanson is, especially since Mr. Hanson gives full credit to L. W. Suckert for the quotation from Mr. Suckert's verses which Mr. Hanson embodies in his article.

FRANCE NUMBER

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The A. E. F. had a strong appetite for poetry, as the popularity of "The Army's Poets" column in the old "Stars and Stripes" testified. Some of this appetite has carried over into civil life, if the many letters which the Weekly has received since the publication of Steuart M. Emery's lines, "Flashes", in the June 12th issue may be accepted as testimony to a general condition. We are glad to select from these letters one striking endorsement. It is from Fred L. Seaberg, News Editor of Radio Digest of Chicago, who writes: "I haven't the slightest conception of who Steuart M. Emery is but he sure can write verse. It's very seldom that a poem can hold me beyond the first few lines, but since the time I read Kipling, as a kid, I don't know when anything has fascinated me as has Emery's 'Flashes' in your June 12th issue. The odd part is that I've never been either to war or in France. I was too young at the time. But that poem expresses an elusiveness that I've seldom, if ever, seen equaled. Perhaps my own experiences in tramping around the country as a newspaper reporter gave it a little more understanding. I don't know. But whoever Emery is, tell him I've framed that little snatch because it's perfect. I presume all makers of verse strive more or less for impressionism. Emery hit it squarely. If he never writes anything else, that poem should stand. Far be it from one in my business to gush over poetry, but if anyone has a slap on the back coming for a good piece of work, Emery has. Tell him to write more of it."

* * *

Mr. Van Eerde, who drew this week's cover design, tells us it is based on a scene in Quimper, Brittany. Quimper is about fifty kilometers down the coast from Brest. While we never got to see it, we imagine it is a much better town than Brest. For one thing, it has no Camp Pontanezen. We never got to Metz, either, and are therefore gratified to learn from Mr. Hanson that we didn't miss much. From Quimper to Brest, by the way, represents almost the greatest west-to-east extent of France. The towns are about five hundred miles apart—almost as far as from Forth Worth to El Paso.

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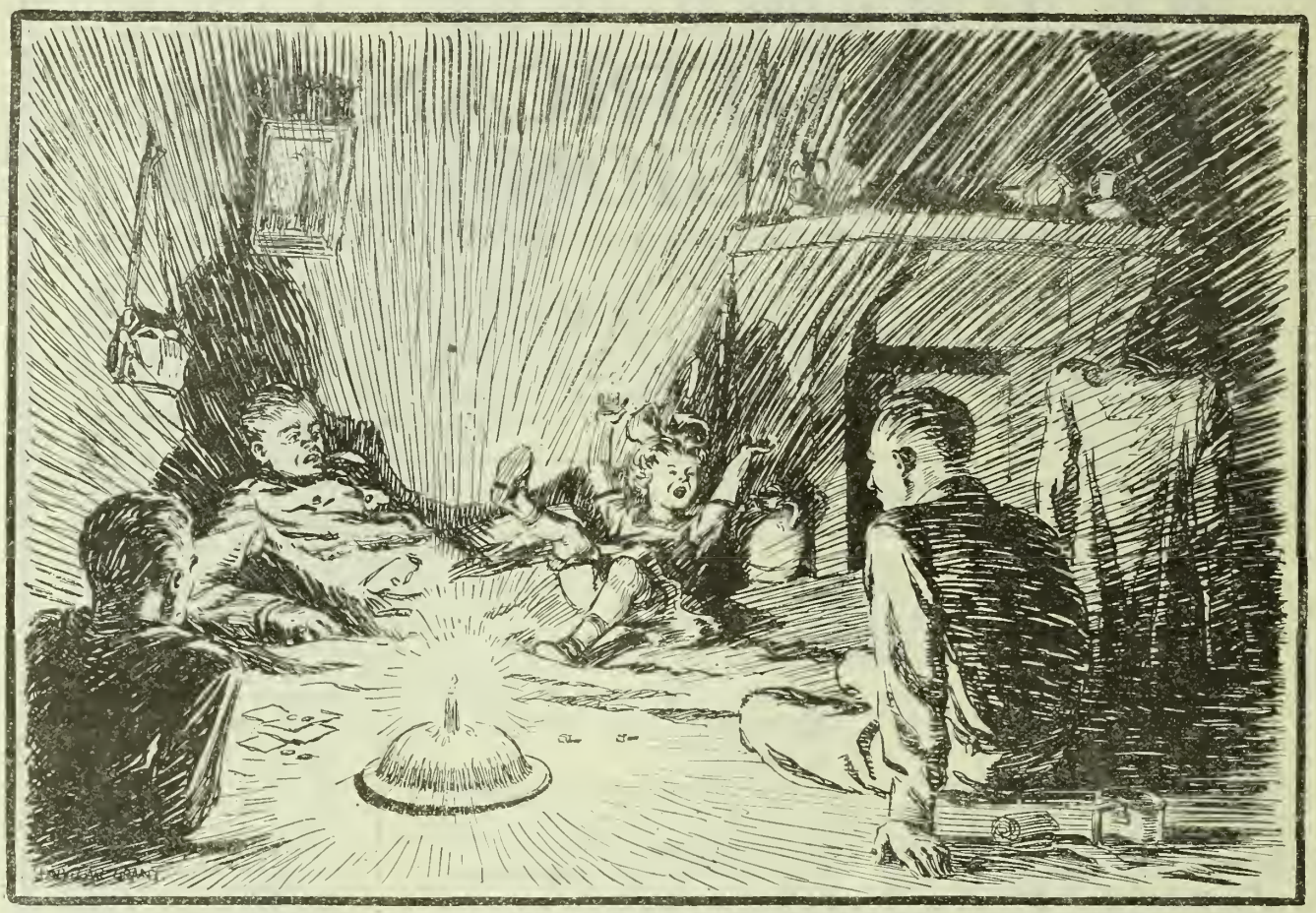


"Coo-coo," observed Marcelle happily among the ruins

Those Crazy Frogs

By STEUART M. EMERY

Illustrated by Douglas Grant

I AM probably a lucky mortal. At least my associates in the office where I have spent some of the best years of my bright life inform me that I am. I do not draw down the largest salary in the place by a number of dollars, nor do I stand the highest in the boss's esteem. But my desk is the one that is nearest to the window.

That's not much, you say? Allow me to proceed with the information that our office windows look out upon one of the busiest waterfronts in America. Through my particular pane of glass whenever I will I can glance out and see majestic liners taking the tides for far-off lands. And that is a stirring sight. It is so stirring that there are days when it seems every one on the premises under thirty-five simply has to come over and exchange a few words on business with me. Most of the young men, in fact about all of them, it might be said here, knew what it was to carry eighty pounds on the back for the duration of the emergency, or what a holystone and a deck were for.

"This memorandum isn't quite clear," remarks my typical visitor, putting it in front of me and promptly looking out the window. "Say, that's a whale of a ship out there. I wish to Pete I was on her."

"So do I," is my invariable answer. "That memorandum reads all right to me."

"We'll let it go then," agrees the young man. "Do you suppose that boat's headed for France?"

"I hope not," say I. "Because if it is I'm getting homesick for the old vin blink and the crazy Frogs." And then and there the probabilities are that no more work is done around my desk for the next quarter of an hour. We are both of us for the time being back in the land where an enthusiastic nation took two million strange adventurous warriors to its bosom and let them play with its cognac and its children. Yes, they're a great race, the French.

Of all the Gallic soldiery whom I encountered in sunshine and in mud it is of Sharlee that I prefer to think. Sharlee was an extraordinary young man. His face was pink and round, his eyes were of an innocent blue, his moustaches would have delighted the heart of a Napoleonic dragoon. His also was a charming and a childlike nature and four years of la guerre had not depressed his spirits to any great extent. For Sharlee was of the French Medical Corps—a Frog pill roller, if you insist—and the beautiful irresponsibility of the pill roller is known to all armies.

During an entire month Sharlee and four of his compatriots were billeted in a barn with our squad somewhere in the green-clothed ranges of the Vosges. He introduced himself to us on the very first evening in his characteristic manner. It was long past midnight and the troops in the barn were mingling their snores with the slumberous noises of the cows and the ducks. And then there came the sound of feet scuffling helplessly about at the foot of the ladder leading to the haymow and a plaintive voice arose.

"Sharlee zig-zag," it announced. "Sharlee beaucoup zig-zag ce soir."

Wherein Sharlee was correct. My buddy Slim with a few choice words made a light and we looked down upon a merry, dumpling figure which sat upon the barn floor by the ladder and seemed content. Finding that the announcement that Sharlee was not only beaucoup but très zig-zag brought no help from Lafayette's debtors, Sharlee

burst spiritedly into "La Marseillaise," which brought immediate results. Maurice, his gigantic poilu camarade, promptly pried himself out of the hay and, descending, tossed Sharlee over his shoulder and went forth into the outer night. We heard the creak of a pump handle and the shrieks of Sharlee, who apparently was being thoroughly drowned. At the end of the racket Maurice re-appeared with Sharlee still on his shoulder, madly flinging his arms and legs about, and mounted the ladder to the loft, where he pitched his burden into the hay.

"Méchant," he observed. "Dorme donc."

Truly, Sharlee was an enlivening presence about a barn. It was for some time his passion to learn English and, until one eventful morning, we who lived with him did know that certain unscrupulous members of our outfit were taking advantage of his cherubic innocence. On that morning, I recall, our somewhat youthful captain came striding in to view the soldierly wares which we had laid out for inspection. Sharlee, who apparently never had any duties whatsoever, was dancing blithely about as usual, but at sight of the American officer he came stiffly to attention in the well-known flourishing Frog salute.

Slim's first apple went by him at eighty miles an hour

"Goo' morneen," he remarked brightly to the captain. "You blinkety-blank-blink. Allo, you blasted blank-blank."

We never were able to persuade Sharlee that he had not wished M. le Capitaine a pleasant morning with the hope that he had slept well the previous night. He was a rash soul—within an hour after our squad had been put on a week's K.P. on the unfounded charge of instilling the wrong kind of English into an ally Sharlee bounced a green apple off the head of Slim and burst into uproarious mirth. Slim, who had pitched semi-pro baseball before the war, laughed loudly also and went out into the orchard and filled his tin hat with nice round missiles while Sharlee from down the road jeered at him.

He howled with frantic alarm when Slim's first apple went by him at eighty miles an hour and took to his heels. It was the fourth apple, as I recall, that registered, and late that afternoon Sharlee re-appeared, crouching behind the cover of a G. I. can he had appropriated somewhere. From then on he referred to Slim respectfully as Monsieur Soixante-Quinze.

There rises also to this day the recollection of the two sturdy representatives of law and order with whom I made acquaintance—Pierre et Edouard, the gendarmes attached to the division for some obscure purpose. They themselves with many a shrug and elaborate gesture proclaimed it to be that of liaison, but I have always had the impression that it was for food and cigarettes. Pierre, I remember, was no help at all. He was a tremendous Frenchman, a huge and veritable Porthos, and as soon as he came strolling into a café it became impossible to get the mademoiselle in waiting to pay any attention to our orders.

"Ah!" she would exclaim. "Mais il est magnifique!" And off she would trot to see what the brave gendarme wanted for his.

As for Edouard, his running mate, that gallant Gaul longed perpetually for slumber. He was short and he was puffy and whenever he received the news that the division was about to move he burst forth into the most melancholy lamentations. He also knew his privileges. They hauled us out once at the break of dawn and ordered us to hike to another village twenty kilometers distant, as was always the way if troops were nicely settled.

"The first five miles are the hardest, Edouard," we informed him cheerily as we lined up under full pack in the billet courtyard. "Lift the old feet, kid, and fall in as file-closer."

Edouard wiped the remains of the first café au lait of the day from his stubby moustache and looked with pain upon our martial files. He hadn't even bothered to put on his blouse thus early in the morning.

"Moi?" he demanded. "Je ne marche pas. Je vais retourner à mon lit."

I think he probably did go back to bed. At all events just as our weary column was pounding its way into the new village assigned to us a French motor truck came trundling past and upon its front seat sat Edouard. He alighted in front of the best-looking house in the village and went in and announced to the owner that he was billeted there. Yes, Edouard knew how to take care of himself—I rather imagine that today he is a chief of police somewhere sitting sleepily in the sun.

I do not wish to pry into anyone's past but I think that I can safely assert that my first experience with the mademoiselles of France was unique. I had pictured, of course, from the pages of *La Vie Parisienne* and such French novels as had come my way, languid creatures who smoked cigarettes with airy distinction and rolled large eyes. Our platoon sergeant and myself whooped with joy when we found ourselves invited to pass a quiet Sunday as the guests of two très jolies Françaises in a neighboring town, soon after our appearance in our first training area.

"We'll sit around on sofa cushions and let them pass us smokes and old vintages," said the sarge. "I've always heard these French girls are full of little attentions."

"Right you are," I responded joyfully. "It'll be a relief to pass a day pleasantly in an armchair after two weeks of hitting roads with hobnails."

The mademoiselles met us at the station, bright-eyed and graceful, and the four of us were friends at once.

"Let us have a petite promenade before luncheon," suggested the blonde one, who was very chic indeed. We started out full of eager conversation and enthusiasm for the sights which were being pointed out to us on either hand. The mademoiselles were gay and full of the verve of France—it was sometime before it began to dawn on us that we were climbing hills and making a good eight kilometers an hour on the level with not ten minutes fallout for a rest. The last two kilometers on the way back to the house, if I am not very much mistaken, I did with both eyes closed, murmuring "One - two - three-four." *La Vie Parisienne* had never prepared us for anything like this.

Madame la Mère, to whom we were introduced immediately on arrival at the house, welcomed the American soldiers with open arms. All France was starving, we understood, and therefore there were only hors d'œuvres, soup, two meat courses, salad, dessert and coffee for the mid-day meal. At its conclusion the sarge and I stumbled into the living room and fell upon a sofa, breathing heavily. I doubt if our conversation was particularly lucid for the next hour and a half.

When we began to show signs of life again the little brunette was dancing about the room.

"Ah," she cried, "but you have not seen the view from the château on the other side of the town. And there is the old Roman fort—deux, trois petits kilomètres only to be walked. Vraiment, c'est magnifique! Let us promenade again until le souper."

We remembered then, the sarge and I, that every American soldier was supposed to be an unofficial ambassador of his country in France. Sadly we removed ourselves from the sofa cushions and stood upright in our hobnails, once more at the command of our hostesses. That evening, I recall, we

(Continued on page 19)

This is Jacqueline, who will grow up speaking both French and English. Her mother is a French girl who married an American soldier who stayed over when it was over over there

My A. E. F. Husband

By A FRENCH WAR BRIDE

WHEN the American Aid Society of Paris publishes its annual report and enumerates the broken Franco-American romances it has been unable to patch up, I get fighting mad, because these statistics present a biased, inaccurate picture, chiefly because of what they omit.

When the "Advice to the Love-Lorn" experts from America rush hastily to Europe, spending less than two weeks in France, and then return to write learned screeds on why A. E. F. marriages have failed, blaming it all on the French war brides, words are inadequate to express my indignation at the shallow, superficial and distorted views —half-facts and half-truths—thus put into circulation. Nor do I absolve the press of my own country; in this respect it is no better and no different, except that in a French newspaper it is the A. E. F. veteran who plays the rôle of villain when a Franco-American marriage goes to smash.

Doubtless the reason for this is the fact that, in all countries, vice has a greater news value than virtue. Whether it's New York or Paris, divorce news often hits the front page, always getting striking headlines, while marriages are hidden away inside. As your Irish-American humorist Mr. Dooley has put it, "Doin' good's no news." Or, to quote Carlyle, "A happy nation has no history," which my husband paraphrases into Americanese, "Happy marriages capture no headlines until twenty-five or fifty years after." Certainly those Franco-American marriages born of the war that succeeded capture no headlines in either the French or American press. It is only the failures that reach page one.

Far from blaming the editor, I really suspect that his readers are responsible for this condition of affairs. What virtue needs is a press agent who will present her case, so that she can get fair treatment in the court of public opinion. And in this article I intend to serve as press agent for the A. E. F. marriages that succeeded.

If we are to believe the French or the American press, a great majority of Franco-American romances suffered shipwreck on the rocks of fraud and incompatibility, due to differences of language and race. This idea is erroneous. I cannot speak for America, but in France, I know personally, there are hundreds and hundreds of Franco-American unions, based on reciprocal love and respect, which six years after the Armistice function successfully and normally. They have surmounted the differences of language, race and religion, and many of them are hallowed by the romantic atmosphere of A. E. F. days—my own, for example. From the standpoint of the news-writer or novelist, these successful marriages are prosaic and bourgeois; Jacqueline's first tooth isn't worth a headline, but to me it was one of the greatest events in world history; Jacqueline's daily bath, her afternoon promenade, the arrival of gifts from America or from the Gers village where my parents reside; the monthly problem of making income equal out-go; little informal dinners and teas for Franco-American friends; an evening now and then at the theatre; the constant and difficult struggle of putting something aside for a rainy day—no newspaperman would consider this a good story; he puts a higher news value on infidelity—but to me it's the most thrilling drama that ever was written. And there are hundreds of such Franco-American dramas in France today, since the homes, the foyers, founded by John W. Doughboy and his French wife are scattered from Marseilles to Brest, from Biarritz to Boulogne.

As already suggested, Jacqueline Junior, smiling into my eyes as she gives me her good-night kiss, is all the proof I need to convince me that my Franco-American marriage is a success. Nor is my case unique. There are hundreds of other Jacquelines in France whose cheery laughter, chubby legs and mischievous capers make life

(Continued on page 20)

On the Trail *of the* A. E. F.

VI. Toul and the Road to Metz

By JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

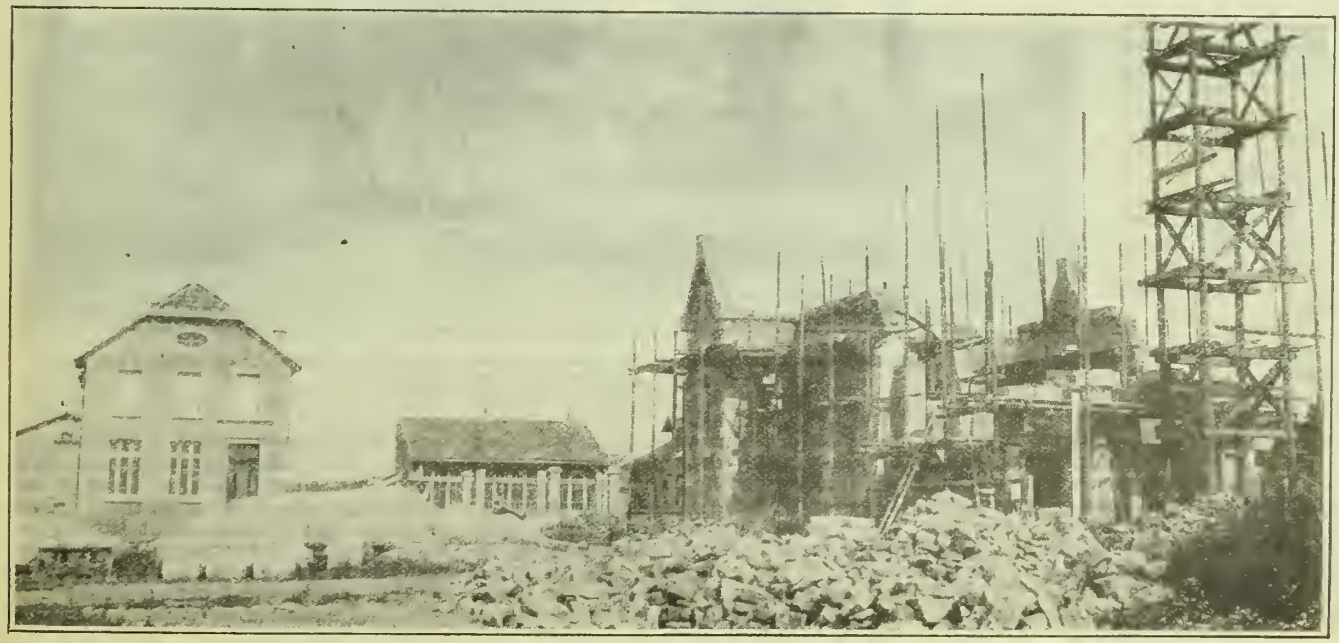
IN 1918, when one headed out of Neufchâteau toward "the Salient," he had the choice of two roads for reaching Toul, which was ordinarily the last stop before proceeding northward, either in the days when certain justly celebrated lines of barbed wire and trenches in the vincinity of Limey, Flirey, Seicheprey, Xivray, etc., etc., presented insurmountable obstacles to further journeying in the direction of Metz, or later on, after the First American Army had rendered "the Salient" safe for democracy and shoved the obstacles back to the neighborhood of Vandières and Rembercourt and Haumont.

One of these was the road leading northeast across the hills by way of Colombey-les-Belles, where the immense landing fields and the wide spreading hangars and construction and repair shops of the Advance Section Air Service assembly and repair depot seemed to cover all the country near the village. The other road led down the valley of the Meuse through Domrémy and Vaucouleurs and then cut abruptly eastward through the Bois de Domgermain to Blénod and north into Toul.

Though the road through Colombey-les-Belles was the one I knew the best in war days, when I approached Toul again now it was by the road from Vaucouleurs, since that was the town I had reached in coming over the highland between the Meuse and the Ornain from Gondrecourt. Although it seems strangely deserted today, with the army traffic of the near-front quite vanished, it is still the pleasant road of old through the woods and then for several kilometers between widespread fields before one sees, far ahead, the city with its two stately churches dominating the lower roofs. Dazzling white thundercaps were cutting the blue of the sky above the massive, forested hills which, beyond the city, wall the sharp bend of the Moselle, as I approached by the road twisting about the angles of the old ramparts and, striking the Avenue Victor Hugo which leads out to the Gare, entered the town by the Porte de France.

The avenue, lined on one side by rather pretentious residences and apartment houses, looked distinctly more cheerful and less

Samuel W. K. Allen, caretaker of the American Military Cemetery at Thiaucourt, and Mrs. Allen, photographed by Mr. Hanson as they stood at the freshly decorated grave of Second Lieutenant James Ernest Bowyer of the 135th Aero Squadron. Mrs. Allen is a native of France



Seicheprey seven years after. This little village enjoyed the unenviable distinction of being virtually the front line in its sector for four years. The photograph shows the new church, under construction, and the new communal buildings

apprehensive of air raids than it had the last time I saw it. But there was no comparison as to circulation, for in the old days this was the street through which came and went most of the traffic for both the road to Boucq and Corniéville and the Forêt de la Reine, and for the main highway of army transportation which led, paralleled by standard-gauge and light-gauge railways, westward to Foug and Void and Commercy. But after crossing the well-shaded boulevard just inside the Porte de France, there was more life when one came to the intersection of the Rue Thiers and the Rue Gambetta, with the handsome Curel Fountain towering up in the middle of the street, while the wide entrance of the Hôtel and Café de la Comédie, next door to the Municipal Theatre, looked most inviting for a square meal after a long day on the road.

Dead Man's Curve, Beaumont, and the stretch of exposed road along which army chauffeurs used to make a run for it. How the old building at the left survived is a miracle, for it was under direct German observation all through the war. It still wears the scars of battle

Although the Comédie is not the largest, it is probably still the best of the hotels of Toul, and its sizable café with dining room in rear, both finished in dark woods but, by way of compensation, brightly lighted, doubtless became very familiar to great numbers of Americans when they were out of the line for a brief respite during the long months when separate American divisions or the First or Second American Army lay along the front between Pont-à-Mousson and St. Mihiel.

Considering how close Toul lay to the southern face of the St. Mihiel Salient during nearly four years of war—for the German trenches were not twelve miles away—the marks of bombing and shell fire are not very conspicuous today in the ancient fortress town which was already a place of importance when the Romans ruled Gaul and which had undergone many a siege and battle in the long centuries before the World War. The half-dozen large casernes which line the interior of the ramparts are all intact but apparently occupied by far fewer troops than when the Americans were in virtual possession of the city, and the fine old churches, St. Gengoult's and St. Etienne's, still cast long shadows across the streets and roofs below their soaring towers. One cannot look upon either one of these beautiful buildings, parts of both of which date from the thirteenth century, with their rich stained glass, the splendid height of their interior vaulting, the quaint tombstones in the floors whose inscriptions have been half obliterated by the tread of the feet of countless generations, and the magnificently carved cloisters which adjoin each of them, without a feeling of thankfulness that by a narrow margin they escaped the complete or partial destruction which overtook the medieval churches of Rheims and Verdun and Soissons and scores of other cities and towns which happened to be a few kilometers nearer to the front lines.

If any Americans are now living in Toul I failed to find them in the course of a stay which was necessarily far too short to be satisfactory, but I encountered a number of people who talked with interest and even enthusiasm of the throngs of Americans who used to be there. One of these was a short, stout little gentleman whom I encountered quite by accident in the Place du Foy, in front of the monumental sixteenth-century

(Continued on page 14)

Menil-la-Tour and the road to the front which once echoed with the thunder of passing trucks. It requires no M. P. traffic cops now

The Folks Inside U. S. V. B. File C-1,170,467

By RAY LEA

Mrs. Peter D. O'Neill of Chicago and her two children, whose father's suicide the Illinois Legion finally proved to be "service connected"

WHAT would you do if you were a mother with two small children to support, your husband a suicide from mental derangement which had possessed him since the war, and your claim for compensation not allowed because it was ruled as "not service connected"?

That is the desperate situation Mrs. Peter D. O'Neill of Chicago found herself in not so many months ago. As a mother, she knew the need to care for her little ones; yet she could not earn a living without turning over the children to some agency which could not do so good a job as could she of bringing up the youngsters.

But a Legionnaire heard of the case. He sent word to Roy G. Swindell, Illinois Legion State Service Officer, who wrote Mrs. O'Neill asking her to come in. If O'Neill's death could be proved to have a service connection, Mrs. O'Neill and her children were entitled to benefits under existing legislation.

Peter O'Neill had been a hard-working, thrifty, cheerful employe of the Chicago Elevated before the war. When he came back the company gave him his old job. On paydays his money went for supplying the family's needs.

But he couldn't hold down a job well any more. He was sent to the company's doctors a good many times for examinations—and finally they recommended that he apply for hospitalization by the Veterans Bureau.

So, approximately three years after he was discharged from the Army, Peter D. O'Neill's name went on a folder in the Bureau files. His application was approved; as C-1,170,467 he came to the Bureau and was given a rating of ten percent disability dated back fifteen months, which gave him $150 to turn over to his wife, and a rating of temporary total disability, compensated at $100 a month. And he went into the United States Naval Hospital at Great Lakes to be treated for psycho-neurosis hysteria.

It was ten days later, on August 21, 1922, that Patient O'Neill eluded the guard around the hospital and jumped off the Naval Station pier. The Government turned down his widow's claim. She had a real struggle. She was in desperate straits for money when Swindell's letter reached her.

Then began a battle which started in Chicago and ended only in the Central Appeals Board of the Bureau in Washington. It was sixteen months after her husband's death before Mrs. O'Neill got word from Service Officer Swindell that her claim had been approved.

The battle had been fought on these grounds: The Bureau claimed that suicide is not a death due to service, hence is "not service connected"; the Legion workers claimed that suicide of a patient who is in a government hospital for service-connected mental trouble is service-connected death, both because the man would not have committed suicide if he had not been deranged as a result of his service, and also because if he had been guarded well he could not have committed suicide. Eventually the Legion's viewpoint prevailed, through presentation of evidence dug up by Legionnaires.

So Peter D. O'Neill's family is still taken care of—not richly, to be sure, but enough so that Mrs. O'Neill can hold the family together and piece out with her own earnings. She received about $250 in back compensation when the claim was finally allowed. And since then she has been getting $46 a month.

There are thousands of similar cases that the Legion's Rehabilitation Service is taking care of every year. It is to carry on work of this sort that the Legion is asking contributions from the people of America for The American Legion Endowment Fund.

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

France

ONE can think of any number of pleasant things to say about France by way of showing that the Legion does not forget that next Tuesday is the Fourteenth of July, which France observes as we do the Fourth. But the best proof of the Legion's interest and regard can be found in the answers to these questions:

Of the two million Americans who found their way to France in 1917 and 1918, how many would like to go back on a visit?

Of the two million Americans who were ready to go to France when the Armistice cancelled their reservations, how many would like to go now?

The American soldier and the American sailor did not go to France in 1917 and 1918 to pay a party call. It was strictly a business trip. The business to be done was so pressing that little time was left for social engagements. And, the business once done, most of the A. E. F. was glad to be off for home. France doubtless was equally happy to see the A. E. F. go. The average householder is glad to see the firemen take their departure after they have put out a fire in his house. A good part of France's house was burned during the war, and when the A. E. F. left the furniture was still piled on the lawn.

The task of replacing the singed shingles by new ones and of restoring the overstuffed divan to its proper location indoors goes by the name of reconstruction. It is a man-size job—a nation-size job. France has done it before. Caesar first made invasions of France popular, as every first-year high-school student ought to know. It is somewhat of an indictment of civilization that Caesar, operating nearly two thousand years ago, was the most constructive invader that France ever had to put up with, and that the hostile forces of 1914-1918 were the most destructive. But France, confronted by the most stupendous task of reconstruction in her own history or any other nation's, has gone about the job in the proper spirit. She is taking it all as part of the day's work. Politicians talk, rant, bluster—though French politicians have no monopoly of these commodities—while in the valleys of the Somme and the Aisne and the Meuse the French peasant sets his house in order and digs the nose of his plow into soil that still shelters the deadly menace of the unexploded shell.

Mankind judges the mass by the individual. The A. E. F. veteran whose tragic moment overseas came when a Parisian waiter gave him in change seven useless Napoleon III francs will judge the whole French nation by that waiter. The Americans who marched toward Château-Thierry against a steady current of refugees with their few little possessions in carts and wheelbarrows sees in the memory of that procession the cruel spectacle of the innocent in pain, and sees beyond them a whole people in arms against the red and devastating scourge of invasion.

The stoic's courage in the face of desperate adversity, determination to expel the invader from her soil whatever the cost, ready acceptance of every hardship, and with it all the ability to smile, to make the stranger welcome, to bestow on him such good cheer as the exigencies of war left to bestow—that is the France the A. E. F. remembers. And the A. E. F. remembers it not from reading about it in a book, not from a one-week motor tour, but in its own individual recollections of the individual Frenchmen and Frenchwomen whom it saw and knew.

Let an English poet with a broad Latin background—Dante Gabriel Rossetti—close this comment with a sonnet, "The Staircase of Notre Dame, Paris," written before the ordeals of the War of 1870 and the World War had come to prove his words truer than he could have imagined them when he wrote:

As one who, groping in a narrow stair,
Hath a strong sound of bells upon his ears,
Which, being at a distance off, appears
Quite close to him because of the pent air,—
So with this France. She stumbles file and square,
Darkling, and without space for breath: each one
Who hears the thunder says, "It shall anon
Be in among her ranks to scatter her."
This may be; and it may be that the storm
Is spent in rain upon the unscathed seas,
Or wasteth other countries ere it die:
Till she—having climbed always through the swarm
Of darkness and of hurtling sound—from these
Shall step forth on the light in a still sky.

"Devotion to Mutual Helpfulness"

EVERY member of Hugh A. Carlisle Post of The American Legion of Albuquerque, New Mexico, is on a committee. It wasn't done to make the boys feel good. It was done because the committee in question has a job big enough to make it essential for every member to serve. It is the post sick committee.

Some eight hundred World War veterans are taking the cure for tuberculosis in Albuquerque and its vicinity. Carlisle Post's sick committee goes to see them.

Carlisle Post wants to make its service more effective. So it asks the Weekly to announce that any post in the world which has a member in Albuquerque and wants Carlisle Post to give him special attention should communicate with Adjutant C. P. Jones. Any little matter of claims to be straightened out? Pass it on to Carlisle Post.

If the Weekly had a couple of million dollars to put into a prize contest it would hand over the whole wad for a better definition than this of Legion service.

A Community Obligation First

IT was the Apostle Paul's boast that he was "a citizen of no mean city". There was more community spirit in the world in Paul's day than there was a thousand years later, just as there is more of it now than there was in Paul's time. Community spirit follows civilization—or perhaps civilization follows community spirit.

All of which is solely to serve as preface to the statement that The American Legion Endowment Fund is before all else a community obligation. The assignment of state quotas is largely a matter of geographical convenience. The success of the nation-wide campaign will be measured by its success in twenty thousand communities.

The American Legion Endowment Fund begins at home.

❖ ❖ ❖

Whoever called it a permanent wave must have been a poor judge of time.

❖ ❖ ❖

Fifty million golf balls were used in 1924, according to recently announced statistics. Yes, and most of them, according to a duffer, were used just once.

❖ ❖ ❖

A baby's bottle two thousand years old has been excavated in Tunis. It was lying just as the father had left it after it had dropped through the slats of the crib.

❖ ❖ ❖

Proof that the he-man type is disappearing rapidly is found in the safety razor, according to a New York professor. Heretofore the general belief had been that he was disappearing much faster under the old-fashioned scraper.

Salesman *to the* Seven Seas *for a* Port *of* Call

Henry F. Church, twice carried on army rolls as dead, couldn't go back to his pre-war job of magazine illustrator after being discharged from the hospital. After taking a course at Georgetown University he became Assistant Commissioner of Port Development for the city of Charleston, South Carolina

By BEN ADAMS

TWICE carried on the records as dead, Henry F. Church, who served as a Regimental Signal Officer in France, is today helping the Port of Charleston, South Carolina, get its share of world trade.

Less than twelve hours after war was declared by the United States Mr. Church left Pittsburgh for Washington to enter the service. Just a few days before, he had left Walter Reed Hospital at Washington, where he had spent several months recovering from an injury received while doing service along the Mexican border.

Arriving in Washington, he set about entering the service. Having run the gamut from buck private to sergeant first class, enlisted life in the Army held no special appeal for Mr. Church, who says: "I wanted a commission, and as the taste of the alkali was yet in my mouth I wanted that commission wet, so I decided to go chasing submarines."

He enlisted in the Navy, April 17, 1917. Three months later, as a yeoman, third class, he was tracing drawings in the Bureau of Yards and Docks at Washington. It was about this time that Congress passed a bill making it possible for any man serving in either the Army or Navy to re-enlist in the opposite branch provided previous service had been had therein. Mr. Church was quick to take advantage of this and on July 15, 1917, was discharged to join the Army.

"At eight o'clock that night I was again a buck private," says Mr. Church. "It was June, 1918, before I got overseas and I was then a second lieutenant, assigned to the 113th Infantry as regimental signal officer."

In the late summer of 1918 the Twenty-ninth Division, of which the 113th was a unit, was sent to the Vosges Mountains of Alsace not far from the Gap of Belfort through which the Germans marched in 1870 when Alsace was lost to France.

It was at five o'clock on the morning of September 1st while repairing a broken overhead wire connecting three isolated platoons that Lieutenant Church was badly gassed. He, in company with his sergeant, was working without a mask in an effort to expedite repairs.

Mr. Church was evacuated to a field gas hospital where rest and quiet was the order of the prescription, but these ingredients were missing. The French moved up heavy artillery and fired over the hospital, drawing in return an enemy bombardment.

Relieved by a French division, the Twenty-ninth started on its long march to join the offensive launched on the 26th between the Meuse River and the Argonne Forest. Church, equipped with a hospital release, caught up with his outfit and found that he had been carried as dead. He served for eight days, but he couldn't stand the strain, and was sent to the base hospital at Allery. The next eight months he spent in various hospitals in France and the United States. Again he was carried as dead on the regimental records.

In the summer of 1919 Mr. Church was discharged from the Walter Reed Hospital. Before joining the Army for service on the Mexican border he had worked for ten years as a magazine illustrator and had more than a thousand published drawings to his credit. But after being discharged from the hospital, he found the work too hard. He had married in the meantime.

Being forced to give up art for something not so confining he turned to foreign trade. Equipped with no foreign language other than A. E. F. French and a smattering of Mexican patois, he applied at Georgetown University School of Foreign Service with the Veterans Bureau paying the bill.

In the summer of 1923 the port of Charleston, in search of an authority on port development to take charge of its foreign trade program, called Dr. R. S. MacElwee, former director of the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce at Washington. When Dr. MacElwee was appointed Commissioner of Port Development for the city of Charleston he took up the search for a suitable man for his assistant. Mr. Church was selected from a list of more than 400 possible candidates. For the past eighteen months he has traveled extensively in direct solicitation of freight, the attracting of new industries, and the establishment of new steamship lines.

The Prodigal's Return

By Wallgren

A PERSONAL PAGE by Frederick Palmer

A dispatch from the Philippines in the New York Evening Post says that Miguel Cornejo of the Philippine House of Representatives led a gang which beat up with brass knuckles Martin Hunt, an ex-soldier and holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, who keeps a little store at Pasay, in the outskirts of Manila.

Enough of This

"A policeman witnessed the beating and arrested Hunt, who bailed himself out and filed a complaint," reads the account of the affair cabled to an American newspaper. "Cornejo resisted arrest and the police were afraid to use force."

We are in the Philippines to give justice to resident Americans as well as to natives. When we cannot, we had better get out of the Philippines and take the resident Americans with us.

Only by learning through us what real justice is can the natives ever learn how to rule themselves. This no more implies babying native political leaders than that Americans shall be overbearing and privileged above the law as belonging to a superior race.

The Atlanta Constitution runs a half column under the heading of "Shafts of Georgia Sunshine." It consists of quotations from local State papers reflecting cheery labor and action though the weather is hot and the boll weevil is still weeviling—a turn-up-the-corners-of-your-mouth column. "Dalton is growing so fast," says the Dalton Herald, "that the speeders can't keep up with it." Says the Albany Herald: "Roasting ear and watermelon time is near down here in God's country and the season has been rarely more auspicious." Georgia is without a doubt a peach of an up and doing State.

Boosting Sunshine

Some of the worst examples of spoiled children are in their second childhood. There is Ed Howe, of Ed Howe's Monthly, Howeville, Howe State, Howe Nation, as I am sure that he would like to be rated at the post office.

Shame on You, Ed Howe!

When Ed was young his parents must have found out early that he was very smart, as the parents of spoiled children always find. If they had not found it out Ed would have found it out for himself. Probably he found it out before his parents did.

The average youngster is usually cured of his superior smartness when he is weaned into earning his own way in the cruel world. But Ed has never had to take this medicine. He has been having his own way and getting smarter and smarter all his life. His chosen part has been to enlighten the ignorance of his State of Kansas, which remains still appalling to him, as a proof of his failure, though he has been so long telling his fellow citizens what he calls "the truth"—Ed Howe's own brand of truth.

In his own Ed Howe's Monthly—named after himself, and he writes it all—Ed knows that every line is a jewel of wisdom. He says whatever occurs to him; the brasher it is the more likely it is to be read; and people continue to spoil this veteran child by reading him. He tells everyone where he gets off and what is wrong with everything. Thus, for generations, he has had his own way spattering ink from his editorial sanctum.

Although, in his youth, he punctured many shams with edifying candor, it is clear that his gruel is disagreeing with him in his old age. As his habit grows upon him he becomes more and more crabbed. Every allowance for senile dementia does not permit me to pass by, with a tolerant smile at the source, his jibes at ex-service men and making sport of them for posing as heroes. He is very weary of heroes—all heroes except Ed.

Recently I noted his comment on an article in which Sir Philip Gibbs referred to the fact that "the men who fought" seldom speak of their experiences. Commenting on this, Ed says in Ed's Monthly:

"Since the war it has not been possible to pick up a piece of print without some reference to the war, usually written by 'a man who fought'.

"In every community 'the men who fought' are running for office, or clamoring for a bonus, and speaking of their experiences; always extravagantly and beautifully.

"The world is completely worn out with the talk of the young men who 'crowded the recruiting offices to enlist'!"

Was Ed grieving in '17 because the recruiting offices were not empty and because men did not turn Bolshevist and refuse to answer the call of the draft? Does he want the men who were in uniform to go about with drooping heads, saying "Forgive me! I hope to live down my shameful error"?

It is not the ex-soldiers who are boasting, "See what I did for my country!", each in his own monthly, but it is the men who were not in the war. The soldiers do not have to shout. In view of their deeds as Americans they need not possess an Ed Howe facility of language. But Ed does not think well of Americans, anyway. He says that they are forever conducting investigations about one thing or another "to bring out the meanness of one another."

If Ed had been young enough to be in the war only, as he says, in one of his flings, "to spend most of his time at the piano or in bed," or if he had had a son with a good record in the war, possibly his own Ed Howe's Monthly might be full of ringing phrases about the lack of public appreciation of the services of our soldiers and sailors who were too modest to speak for themselves.

My own recommendation to Ed, in all sweetness and charity, is to look up the symptoms of senile dementia in the medical books and to keep a bottle of paregoric beside his inkpot ready for any sudden seizure.

The Commander of Stephen N. Gladwin Post of Fort Peirce, Florida, writes that my paragraph congratulating the post on its efforts put a great deal more pep into its campaign for cleaning up the city. He leaves it to the citizens outside the Legion to say whether the job was well done or not, and he adds that the city is one hundred percent Legion today. "We have stopped fighting the battles of Toul and Paris over in the Legion rooms," he concludes, "and have dedicated ourselves to community service. Hardly a meeting passes that we have not some official or representative citizen present." Ed Howe's Monthly please copy.

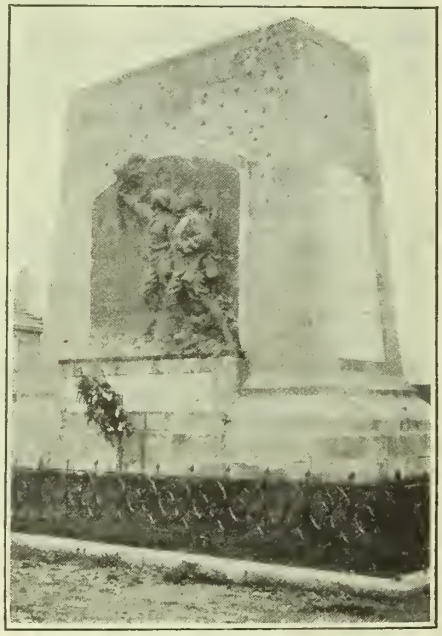
I Like This

On the Trail *of the* A. E. F.

(Continued from page 8)

gateway which gives entrance to the very up-to-date municipal gas works. There was really no connection, other than association of ideas, between the place where I met him and his own communicative disposition, but the asking of a single question opened up a flood of information about Toul, ancient and modern; industrial, commercial, historical and artistic, which was finally explained by the discovery that he was the curator of the local museum.

Under his eager and expert guidance I saw not only the collections of paintings, statuary and historical relics immediately under his charge at the Musée, but also several curious ancient quarters of the old fortress city as well as the churches, the Hôtel de Ville and, behind the latter, the pretty public garden wherein the chief ornament is the pre-war statue of "France Resigned," looking pathetically toward the "lost provinces" — today no longer lost —of Alsace and Lorraine. But naturally, so far as the sojourn of the Americans in Toul was concerned, he sought rather than gave information.



Monument in Flirey erected by the French in honor of the capture by American troops of the St. Mihiel Salient. On the side are the names of the soldier citizens of Flirey who died during the war

Accompanied by the same genial guide, that afternoon I made a hurried trip over the splendid upland road through the Forest of Haye to Nancy, twenty-three kilometers distant, and had a glimpse of the crowded and busy city which, in the beauty of its parks and public buildings, especially around the Place Stanislas, more nearly resembles Paris than perhaps any other city of northern France. But, firmly resisting the metropolitan attractions of Nancy, I returned that same evening to the much less brilliant precincts of Toul, the reason being that I wished to make an early start next morning on a little trip the desire for which had existed in the back of my head ever since the war.

That desire will perhaps be understood by those of the A. E. F. who ever experienced the sensation of looking northward toward Metz across the flat country of the Woëvre when the ground just ahead was matted with wire and seamed by the zigzags of the German trenches while Montsec frowned menacingly off to the left, or by those, even, who ever stared speculatively at one of the big staff maps on which, in bewildering mazes, were traced line after line of those trenches, stretching clear down the valley of the Moselle until they merged with the clusters of great forts girdling the metropolis of Lorraine.

I wanted, just once, to go north from Toul by that road on which, for nearly four years, first the French and then the Americans had stopped, at the furthest, at Bernecourt and then, for two months longer, at either Thiaucourt or Jaulny; I wanted to go through those places and on across the lines which it had seemed no power in the world could penetrate and then to drive right ahead along the road down the deep-cut valley of the Moselle into Metz, once the mighty stronghold as inaccessible as the moon. Compared with the gratification of that desire the attractions of Nancy were insignificant.

So the following morning found me chugging out under the frowning arches of the Porte de Metz and the railroad embankment into the road which, the last time I had traveled it, was crowded with American Army trucks and autos and motorcycles and dotted with dusty doughboys coming apparently from everywhere and going to that same destination. Probably no one who ever saw it in those days has forgotten the narrow, echoing passageway through the Porte, the massive walls flanking it and the grass-grown slopes and angles of the outworks just beyond, through which the road curves and swings away northward toward the old southern front of the St. Mihiel Salient.

I had gone but two or three miles when suddenly there appeared at the side of the road something which seemed to reverse the march of time, flinging it back in an instant to 1918. Off to the right, through the deep grass dotted with wild flowers, stretched a log trench faced with a massive concrete parapet and surrounded by a deep belt of rusty barbed wire. I got out and walked the length of it along the light railway track which formerly had carried the ammunition and other supplies behind the gun emplacements. So deserted and undisturbed it was that, although it lay close beside a main highway, it seemed as if no one had set foot in it since the Armistice. Yet every part was perfect, the concrete unbroken, the bombproof chambers between the emplacements still protected by their sheet steel doors and furnished within with plank seats along the walls. It had been a part of one of the rear defense systems covering Toul and probably it never saw action, yet such fragments are becoming constantly of increasing interest today, as the vast labyrinths of trenches and battery positions which constituted the fortified zone of the Western Front are more completely obliterated in the redemption of the land for agriculture.

A few kilometers more ahead there came into view a village, lowly in appearance yet not without charm as it lay drowsing behind the trees bordering the road. At the entrance to the village a sign beside the road brought me to a halt with a catch in my breath: "Menil - la - Tour." Menil - la - Tour! 'Nough said. It was the village of the muddy street where, in the pitchy darkness of night, the trucks used to clatter through and whence you could see, against the black sky to northward, the flares and the flash of the guns like summer sheet lightning playing along the length of the Salient; perhaps one of the places that L. W. Suckert had in mind when he wrote, in the old "Stars and Stripes":

There's a rumble an' a jumble an' a bumpin' an' a thud
As I wakens from my restless sleep here in my bed o' mud,
'N' I pull my blankets tighter underneath my shelter fly,
An' I listen to the thunder o' the trucks a-rollin' by.

Beneath the grass along the roadside lie rusty bits of old light railway tracks and over the tiny brook that meanders through the foot of the village—it is called the Terrouin River on the maps—a culvert of rotting squared timbers still carries across the water a spur that wanders away northward behind the village church. But though such things are evidences of times of more feverish activity, Menil-la-Tour looks happier today in its slothful tranquility than it did when the powers of the world were grappling for dominion a few miles away.

Up a hill, down into a creek valley and up another hill and one finds himself at the fork of the cut-off which, avoiding the exposed approach to Bernecourt, winds down through little valleys by Ansauville and Hamonville and Mandres-aux-Quatres-Tours and warily creeps up from the south upon the famous "Dead Man's Curve" at Beaumont. I wanted to take the cut-off because that was the familiar way, but the road appeared to be in very bad repair, so I kept on to Bernecourt and thence approached Beaumont from the east along the hill slopes.

Anyone can see, even at a distance, that Beaumont has been through the war. Every house standing, except one, seems to be brand-new, because the old ones were all demolished by the shell fire that steadily pounded the road junction and everything near it on the naked ridge during four long years. The one exception is the long stone building directly opposite the curve where the trucks and autos used

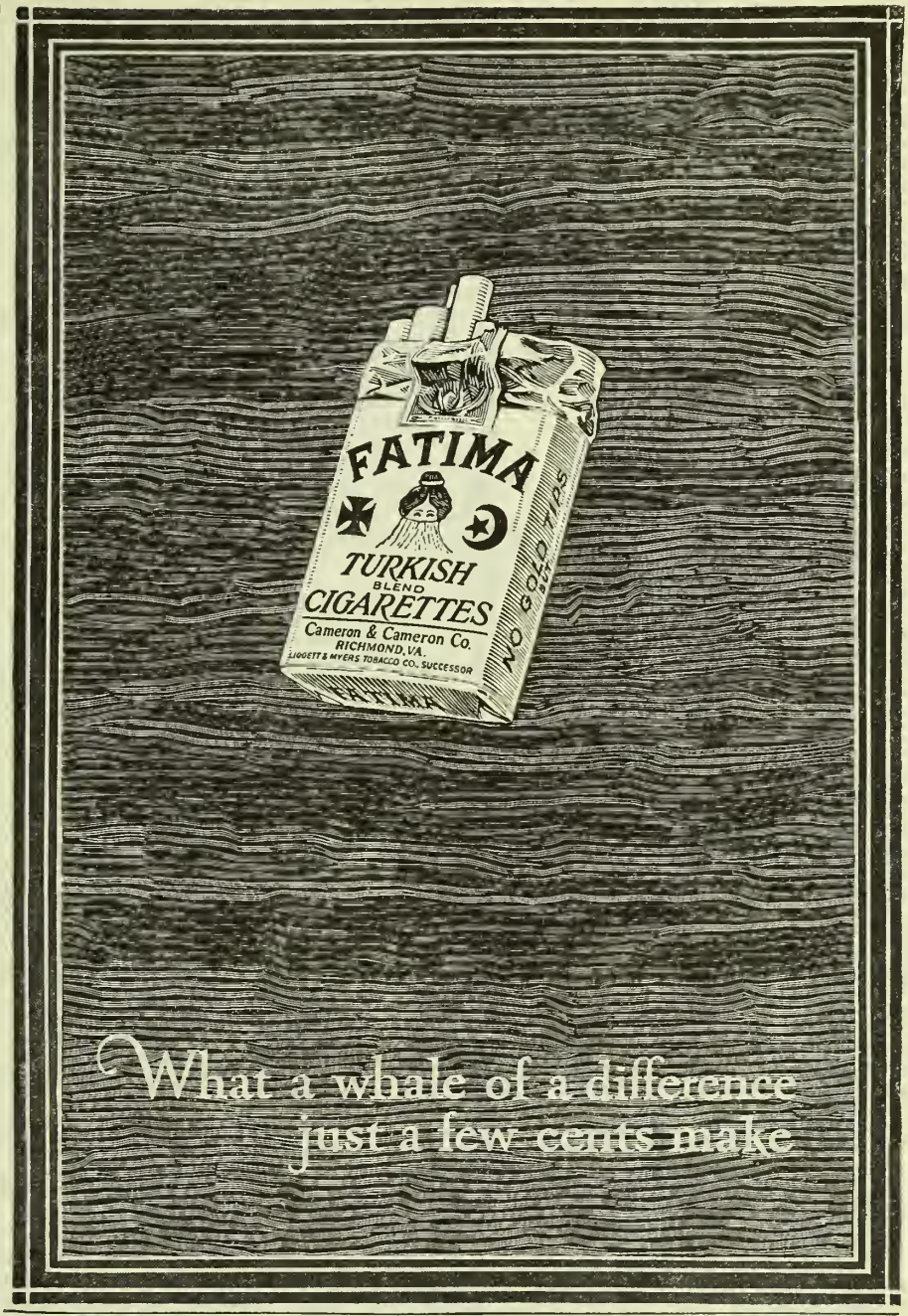
to make a run for it, between shells. This ruin, for some reason, has not yet been torn down, though its roof and sides are riddled with shell holes and its windows and doorways empty and staring, but probably any returning doughboy would be rather glad to see it because it furnishes at least one vivid and authentic War Exhibit A in the midst of restoration. Standing in the road beside it and looking northward down the long folds of the hills that extend away for miles into the Woëvre plain, one wonders how it was possible that this isolated building failed of being flattened out entirely from across a country lying so nakedly open to fire all the way from the German artillery positions.

It is a run of but a few hundred yards from Dead Man's Curve along the main Pont-à-Mousson highway and then sharply to the left into a side road before one finds himself at the brow of a little ridge and looking down a long, gentle slope into Seicheprey. Often in the last autumn of the war, after the Salient had been wiped out by the American Army, I had looked from that ridge upon the scene of desolation beyond, with the tumbled ruins of Seicheprey directly in front, the stumps of the Bois de Jury, where the Yankee Division fought a part of its first heavy battle in April, 1918, off to the right and, far away on the left, the threatening eminence of Montsec, whence the German observers had been able to scrutinize for miles to the south and east every square yard of the French and American trenches and rear areas. From the middle of September, 1918, onward, it was all rear area for the Americans, but the old ruins and earthworks remained as the armies had left them on that thrilling morning of September 12th when

> A slow-wrought host arose
> And rolled across the trenches
> And whelmed its sneering foes,
> And left to shattered Seicheprey
> Unending, sweet repose,

and even the crest of the ridge behind the village, where the road came down from Beaumont, was scored with trenches, battery positions and communication boyaus. As I stood there again, years later, remnants of these works still marked the ridge, the one actually under my feet having been known on the American trench maps as the "Trench de Boston".

But how different today was the scene beyond! The ground at the foot of the slope, once a desolate waste of shell holes, was now dotted with cocks of newly-raked alfalfa; the fresh stuccoed walls and bright, new red-tile roofs of the restored village fairly glistened in the sunshine and, beyond them, cattle browsed peacefully in the green pastures of what had been No Man's Land. The change seemed too good to be true, but one must believe the evidence of his senses. Down in Seicheprey itself, where our engineers cleared a highway by piling the rock of the fallen houses into walls along the sides of the road, where dugouts showed gaping mouths among the ruins and dumps of various sorts existed under any kind of improvised shelter, the most pressing work of restoration has been accomplished in the completion of houses for the people, while the rest of it is now being finished with the



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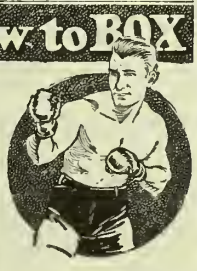

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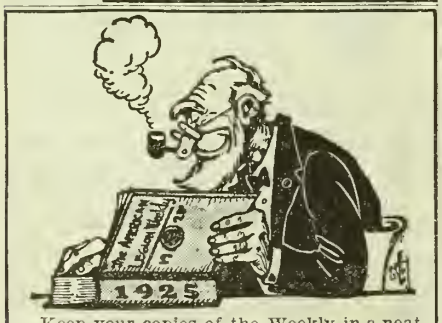

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THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY
Indianapolis, Indiana

erection of a new village mairie, gendarmerie and bureau des postes and a new parish church to take the place of the pitiful old wreck in whose little graveyard the tombs were gutted by shells and the monuments toppled over and chipped with bullets.

But gruesome reminders of the war still exist all over the old battlefronts. In the street of Seicheprey a workman, sizing me up as an ex-American soldier disguised in civvies, came and talked to me. He told me that a day or two before a friend of his, a farmer, had discovered in a spot between Seicheprey and Flirey the skeletons of five or six American soldiers. He did not know whether the people at the American cemetery at Thiaucourt had been informed and suggested that I tell them if I was going there. On arrival at the cemetery I did tell them, but the find had already been reported and preparations were under way for bringing the remains to the cemetery for proper burial.

A short run between the smooth, moist pastures of old No Man's Land to St. Baussant, on the far side of the ridge where once ran the German steel and concrete front-line trenches which were taken in the first jump of the Rainbow Division on the morning of September 12th, showed this village, like Seicheprey, restored to life, though some of the German concrete shelters, inherited by the Americans and used for ammunition storage, still stand beside the road at its exit from the village toward Essey. Returning to Seicheprey, one can cut down through a corner of the Bois de Jury back to the main road and thence northeast to Flirey. Passing beneath the end of the towering embankment by which the Thiaucourt-Toul railway line formerly entered upon the bridge, still unrestored, which crossed the valley at this point, one finds himself immediately in the new village of Flirey.

The town, looking fresh and neat with all its new houses and shops and a new church approaching completion, has been entirely rebuilt on the slope between the old railway and the crossroads, while west of the latter lie the ruins of the old village just as the war left them on the day when the 89th Division jumped off here for its northward sweep. Scattered among the weeds are the abandoned frame and tar-paper shacks of a little later date, and on a slight hill crest south of the road the shattered walls of the ancient church brood above the scene of vanished life. Right beside the highway in the center of the new town is the dignified monument erected by the French in commemoration of the victorious attack of the First American Army on the southern face of the St. Mihiel Salient. Its chief feature is a great bronze tablet on which are sculptured in high relief two American soldiers rushing forward in the assault, but the close comradeship of French and Americans in the struggle is likewise emphasized by the scroll on one side of the monument bearing the chiseled names of the men of the commune of Flirey who died for their country.

It was hard to get away from Flirey, for the people there seemed more anxious even than the average to welcome and talk with a returned American. But considering all there was to see along its course, the road was still long to Metz. So, driving on through the Bois de Mort Mare to Essey and taking the road by Pannes and Beney rather than the one by Bouillonville, better known as Souptown, I was soon approaching Thiaucourt along the base of the ridge west of it and looking with instinctive apprehension at the low ground on the right, into which the shells used to plump so regularly from the German guns beyond Rembercourt. In its deep cut between the hills, Thiaucourt is just about as dingy as of yore, though relieved of most of its war-time wreckage. Knowing what lay on the hilltop just beyond I felt no desire to linger in the town, but kept on up the long slope and in a moment saw, rising above the ridge line at the left, a flagstaff with the Stars and Stripes floating at its peak, and in a moment more I turned in at the gate of the Thiaucourt American Military Cemetery.

For a few moments I could discover no one around excepting a workman mowing the lawn far out among the white crosses of the cemetery. Close to the new stone buildings, not quite completed, which flank the gate—one for the reception of visitors and the other for the home of the caretaker—a derrick house and a huge pile of blue clay attested to the laborious efforts necessary to sink a well deep enough below the lofty hilltop to strike water for use in the cemetery. Presently behind the new house and the derrick I found a little temporary frame dwelling in which were still living Samuel W. K. Allen, the caretaker of the cemetery, and his wife and baby. They gave me a cordial welcome, and together we walked through the cemetery and to the brow of the hill beyond the flagstaff, whence can be seen the whole exterior of the St. Mihiel Salient as far west as the uprolling ridge of the Heights of the Meuse.

At this spot, Mr. Allen said, General Pershing had stood for nearly two hours during a recent visit to the cemetery with the American Battle Monuments Commission, of which he is the chairman, while he described to his companions the strategy and tactics of the St. Mihiel operation, pointing out as he talked the actual localities involved, which lay dotted over the country spread below him as upon a map. Of the six permanent American military cemeteries in France, Thiaucourt and Surèsnes occupy the most commanding sites, and though the view from Surèsnes is, of course, incomparable because it compasses the magnificent panorama of the city of Paris and many of its environs, the one from Thiaucourt embraces probably an even greater sweep of territory.

In talking with my kind hosts, the Allens, with whom I had the pleasure of lunching next day when I returned to Thiaucourt on my way to Verdun in order to place some flowers, purchased in Metz, on the grave of a friend from home who was killed in the St. Mihiel drive, I at first supposed Mrs. Allen to be an American because of the facility with which she used our language. My surprise may be imagined when I learned that she is not only a native Frenchwoman but that she has never yet even been in America, though looking forward eagerly to the time when she will see it, and that she

has acquired her command of English almost entirely by conversation with her husband, being ambitious to use his native tongue at least as well as he uses hers.

Undoubtedly the first five or six kilometers of the road by which I left Thiaucourt, running down the valley of the Rupt de Mad to its junction with the Moselle and thence following the latter to Metz, was far less familiar to me than it was to tens of thousands of men of the Second Division, who captured it as far as Rembercourt, and of the 78th, the 89th and the 37th Divisions, which later successively occupied the front lines whose communications led back by this road through Thiaucourt to the rear areas. It is a lovely, sylvan road winding down the narrow valley of the little stream, walled in by wooded heights that sometimes attain almost the majesty of mountains, and in spite of the waves of conflict which often have rolled past them, not alone in the World War but in many a previous struggle between France and her enemies from across the Rhine, the secluded villages beyond Rembercourt, such as Waville, Onville-sur-Mad, Vandelainville and Arnaville, tucked away in corners of the hills, seem drowsing in the somnolence of unbroken centuries of peace.

Just after turning the corner of the road into the valley of the Moselle at Arnaville one crosses the line which was for forty-seven years, from 1871 to 1918, the boundary between France and German Lorraine. Though there is nothing in the landscape now to indicate that the line of demarcation was ever anything more significant than it is today as the boundary between two French departments, purely for the satisfaction of realizing it a little more vividly I slowed down on crossing it and took a good look around. But one could not build up much of a thrill with the blue Moselle, dimpling beneath the long shadows of late afternoon, rolling placidly down between its wooded banks on the one hand and, on the other, the chickens and geese strutting about the dooryards of the tiny farm cottages. Moreover, Metz and dinner were still some distance ahead, so I "stepped on her" and hurried on down the road which the men of Bullard's Second American Army would have taken at the point of the bayonet if the Armistice had not halted what the German Army could not stop.

Paralleling the railroad between Pont-à-Mousson and Metz, which carries a decidedly greater number of trains now than it did from 1914 to 1918, one soon comes to Corny where, if he wishes, he can cross the Moselle on a massive bridge and proceed the rest of the way to Metz along the eastern bank. This was the procedure I chose, but on reaching the outer streets of the city I almost wished that I had stayed on the other road, for it could not have proved any more confusing than the one I had taken. Darkness had fallen, the haphazard streets were more or less crowded and none too well lighted and I went round and round, occasionally happening on some landmark which I had passed fifteen minutes before and which, on the second or third encounter, began to wear the aspect of an old friend, until the conviction became firmly fixed that even if the American Army had reached the suburbs of Metz it could never have completely occupied the city, not on account of the resistance of the enemy but because of the utter impossibility of ever finding its way through all the streets. But at length I stumbled upon the courtyard of the Hôtel de Metz and thankfully brought the journey to an end for the night.

Recalling with what eagerness American soldiers after the Armistice longed to penetrate this mysterious city of Metz, and the expedients which were attempted, and sometimes successfully executed by a few, to satisfy that ambition, despite the strict measures adopted by both American and French authorities for keeping all unauthorized persons out of the place, it was with considerable curiosity that I sallied forth next morning to give the metropolis of Lorraine the once over, so far as that could be accomplished in a couple of hours. Perhaps in this short space of time I did not find the right places; perhaps there were too many ertswhile German shops, and shop people, disguised under a thin veneer of new French names and modes of doing business, or perhaps I was merely in a hypercritical mood, but someway I was not captivated with Metz. The Cathedral of St. Etienne, to be sure, is magnificent; the central railway station, of heavy Teutonic architecture, sufficiently impressive; the Porte des Allemands, at the eastern outlet of the city toward Saarbrücken, a splendid example of medieval fortification, and the monuments, parks, bridges and public buildings and many of the private business structures quite in keeping with a city of the size and importance of this one. Yet, taken altogether, though the townspeople after the Armistice pulled down the statue of Emperor William I of Germany and of Prince Frederic Charles of Prussia, of which the first has since been replaced by a monument to the French poilu, who is denominated "liberateur," while the second has been succeeded by a statue of Lafayette, Metz does not yet seem to be quite French again after its forty-seven years of intensive Germanization. In view of the fact that I was not making a tour of Europe but simply a trip in France, after the aforementioned couple of hours I felt quite ready to start back up the valley of the Moselle toward Verdun and the heart of the France I knew, which, with all her faults, God bless her, is, at any rate, one hundred percent Gallic—and always Sunny France, excepting when it rains.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this department must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

112TH M. G. BN. (29TH DIV.)—Annual reunion at Frederick, Md., July 25-26. Address D. John Markey, Frederick, Md.

CO. C, 4TH INDIANA INF.—Annual reunion at Huntington, Ind., Aug. 2. Address C. F. Brown, 934 Second St., Huntington.

NORTHERN ILLINOIS LEGION—Annual reunion at Sterling, Aug. 6. Address B. F. Kreider, American Legion Post, Sterling.

36TH AND 90TH DIVS.—Reunion of these Divisions during Convention of Texas Department of the Legion, at Fort Worth, Sept. 2-4. Address Chester Hollis, 501 Burk Burnett Bldg., Fort Worth.

5TH DIV.—Reunion at LaSalle Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 5-7. Address Frank F. Barth, 2542 East 76th St., Chicago.

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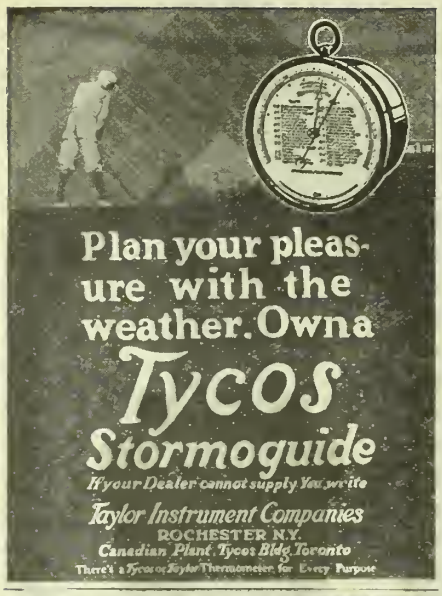

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"BOYISH"

By CHARLES SOMERVILLE

As a member of the Brotherhood of the Perplexed, which must be fully 10,000,000 strong in America alone, I am willing—eager—to contribute my quarter or dime toward a fund for the purpose of engaging the smartest mental experts in the world whose business it will be to find out for us what the heck has got into the women and girls of 1925. And, also, please, gentlemen, how long is it going to last?

To the ladies, God bless 'em and all that, to be sure. Only day by day it is getting harder and harder to recognize them for what they are. Under the whip of a cock-eyed Fashion of the Times the precious things are doing their utmost to look like their brothers, nephews or uncles or the newest gentleman golf champion. Their only positive remaining signs of identification are their powder rags and lipsticks—and that they will also, thank heaven, still scream at a mouse.

But for the rest—well, you've seen it yourself, haven't you? Our feminine creatures of the day, one and all, no matter the age, the mold, size or shape, no matter how tall or broad or billowy back and front, must make themselves look "boyish", or their personal pursuit of happiness is an agonized skid. You are all out of luck if you seek to compliment a girl or a woman now by telling her she has a figure like that of Venus.

And as for their crowning glory, which used to be more precious in its length and wealth to them than so many strands of virgin gold, first they bobbed it off and next, under the urge of a style and fashion which dubs Nature a gross error, they—well, a man's "next" in a barber shop, betimes, means next Christmas because the girls are rushing the chairs of the tonsorial parlors in hordes twittering and shrilling for a "boyish" hair-cut. And end by asking—haven't you heard 'em?—asking for a shave! But meaning as yet, glory be, only the backs of their necks.

You have but to look about you anywhere in the land to observe that ma and sis, with now and then a flighty grandma thrown in for good measure, are wearing Bub's sport shirts and his belts and his knickers, his broad-toed brogans or his sneaks.

A mighty queer state of affairs in the realm, your majesty! But no help for it that I can see—girls will be boys, of course, as long as Fashion herds them to it. Just the same it is a darned mean and uncomfortable feeling for a fellow when he takes his seat on the sofa in the parlor of an evening in the present social season not to be quite certain whether he is calling on Gladys of his heart's desire or Waldo, her younger brother.

Not waiting for the report which the mental sharps, the deep delvers into the whatnots of the human mind, may make, I think I've got an eye myself on the cause of all this topsyturvydom in modern Fashion which has driven the girls and those who can call themselves girls no longer (and get by) into seeking to disguise their sex with everything but whiskers.

It is the novelists who did it—the romance gushers of the period who started this curious androgynic fad which persists without abatement or signs of waning. I can make my own affidavit that of about five hundred novels and two thousand short stories read in the last ten years, about five hundred of the novels and two thousand of the short stories have contained heroines who possessed "slim, boyish figures". "Lithe" and "lissom" too they were, but that was never enough. They were not of the choicest, best quality heroines unless they were "boyishly" lithe and lissom.

Moreover, these maddeningly fascinating female Huckleberry Finns of the best sellers always speak with "charming boyish frankness". In gazing into the eyes of the Reginald they are scheduled to cop off in the last chapter there is only one standard manner in which the gazing may be done, and that is "with the clear, frank eyes of a boy". Nor can any girl be tolerated in the spotlight of powder-puff fiction who doesn't walk, talk, swim, run, tennis, golf or simple bean-bag with "the supple grace of a lad".

It will be remembered that of all the fiction of recent years which excited feminine minds, the most violent and widely read was "The Sheik". It sold more than 500,000 copies in America alone.

In this all that the author left the heroine of her sex until the Sheik came along was her name, Diana. The reader was quickly informed that "she was sure meant for a boy and changed at the last moment. She looks like a boy in petticoats, a damned pretty boy—and a damned haughty one". She talked with "boyish directness". She wore her hair cut close, "clubbed about her ears". And "dressed as a boy, treated as a boy, she learned to ride and to shoot and to fish". And when a real boy tried to kiss her, Diana, the husky little cuss, hauled off and blacked his eyes for him. Even the wonderful, magnificent, superb, splendid, devilish Sheik is found once declaring in a vague, concessional way, "You make a very charming boy."

And just to show you the complete prevalence of the making of Clara into Claude, Hortense into Hector, in the story writing of the day, I picked up a bound volume of the most popular fiction magazine I could find. In the first four numbers beginning January, 1924, I found:

"He had almost forgotten she was so little, boyish and slim"—thus Ben Ames Williams.

And "she came out in incredibly quick time clad in the regimentals of the motor camper—cotton khaki trousers buttoned slightly below the knee, brown stockings and Oxfords and a brown woolen shirt." So Anne Cameron.

While Alice Duer Miller in "Priceless Pearls" has a heroine who "turns

handsprings on the beach and goes shouting about the tennis courts in a loud Western voice". In this same "deep voice" she comes into association as governess with a representative of the still younger generation who tosses her head "like a boy". This girl's name is Antonia, and when her mother says to the girl of the "deep voice", speaking of Antonia: "You will be free to take her to the beach where she likes to get a swim and meet her little friends", her brother cuts in with the remark, "Fight a round or two with her little enemies". Antonia's mother says in remonstrance, "She only fought once this summer."

And in a tale called "Daniel and the Lioness" the hero says of his beloved to his mother: "You don't want this girl to get fat, do you? Being a slat is half her charm."

So what's the use, I suppose, of asking a girl to be herself when all the authors of nut sundae fiction are telling her that if she would be alluring she must look and act like Tom Sawyer!

I only hope this same brand of authors will let us men alone. A trickle of cold perspiration wabbles down my back at the consideration of the possibility of these same fancy fictionists putting the reverse on us as they have on the girls.

Black will be the shadows of confusion crossing the silver of the moon of romance!

You and I picking up a book and reading that the hero "entered the room with a certain touch of feminine grace in the motion of his well-turned calves."

Or recording that our hero, "Lester La Rose, looked up at the stern lady police officer with a girlish flutter of his long-lashed eyes."

Or: "Posed for an instant on the summit of the crag, his taut figure suggesting fair, feminine lines in its delicate curves, Hubert Wildflower leaped into the sea and, uttering a little cry of abandon, swam off with the swift, half voluptuous undulations of a siren."

Pretty soon your barber would begin to tell you that he had just put in a fine line of false side curls to match any shade in whiskers.

But you and I, you bet, know that Dame Fashion ever has been, is and always will be the high goddess of the ladies—again God bless 'em. So I have no funny notion that this murmur of protest from a confused male will do any good toward turning them back to the styles when you knew a woman instantly for what she was when you saw one.

Those Crazy Frogs

(Continued from page 5)

went fast asleep in the middle of supper, our last strength gone and our aching feet clamoring for the relief that was nowhere in sight. A petite promenade by moonlight had been suggested as the next event on the program.

"Young man," said the sarge to me as we fell on our bunks that night, safe at home in the old billet, "we've done fifteen miles today if we've done a rod. We've also eaten enough food to keep an average American family for four days. I'm beginning to understand how a squad of Frenchmen can stand off a German division for a week and sing 'La Marseillaise' while they're doing it. It's endurance."

But I've never had anything except the warmest regard for those two mademoiselles. One of them, I heard later, married an American lieutenant and is now living somewhere in the Middle West. I am willing to stake a number of hard-earned dollars that that is one family where they don't go automobile riding on Sundays. They walk. Madame la Mère was quite willing that her daughter should marry the grand Américain, it appears, and did not at all cherish the fear expressed to me by one old lady in whose cottage the squad had found a billet.

"The marriages—hélas!—they are the end of France," she lamented one evening over the stove where she was doing pommes de terres frits for us. "So many of the Françaises marry you Americans that in twenty years—pouf!—their children will overrun France and it will be France no longer. It will be l'Amérique."

She was not, quite evidently, an old lady of the trustful sort such as certain good madames of whom the memory still lingers. There was Madame Julie of the café, for instance, who naïvely brought out for our inspection one day a handful of American postal money orders.

"The soldiers who were here last month they have no other money so I give them the francs for these," she said. "Now what is it that I do with them?" We counted them up—Madame Julie had passed out about eight hundred francs without even bothering to inquire where she could redeem the blue paper that had come from Kansas City and Nashville and Dubuque.

"We'll have one of the motorcycle men cash them for you at the division postoffice," we told her. "He'll bring the money home tonight."

"C'est bien," chirped Madame Julie, shoving the entire mass of orders at us, and bobbed off for more muscat. For her the matter was settled. The soldats Américains were attending to it. She was turning eight hundred francs worth of paper over to us and she had never seen any of us before that morning.

It was, however, as every onetime O. D. tourist knows, the children of France who regarded the Yank invaders with the greatest confidence. There is today in France slowly but surely growing up a generation which will never believe the old tradition that America is a land of red Indians and motion picture cowboys. Rather they will believe that the Americans are a race who live on toothpaste and tell amazing fairy tales and sing loud songs while they help around the house.

Marcelle, I am sure, will be one of these. She was a healthy four-year-old and, until the soldiers came to billet in her house, had spent most of her days pulling the cat's tail under the stove. But with the advent of tin hats and packs she turned her talents to hide-and-seek. The height of her ambition for an entire winter, I re-

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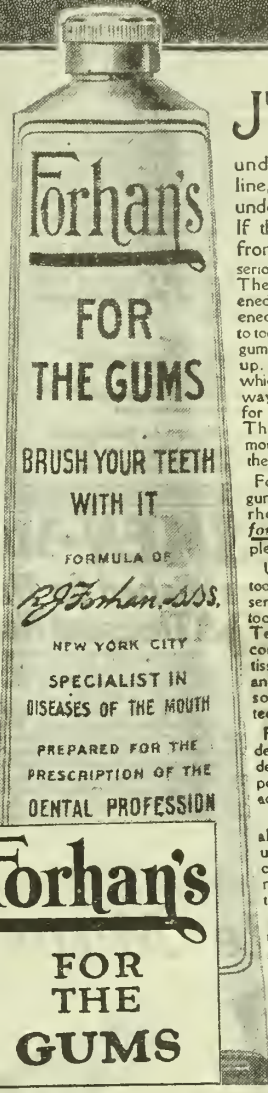

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Battle Maps!

Nine kilometers in two days. This was the advance made by the 80th Division after the jump-off in the Meuse-Argonne operations beginning September 26th. Here are seen the commanding general of the division, Maj. Gen. Adelbert Cronkhite, and Col. William H. Waldron, Chief of Staff. They are examining a map of the sector on their front. Our armies were at all times supplied with an abundance of excellent maps.

Battle maps of the Meuse-Argonne Offensive (Meziers-Verdun-Metz-Longwy) and St. Mihiel Offensive are now available. A bare spot on your Post Headquarters wall simply cries aloud to be decorated with one of these maps or both of them. Your "den" becomes a vale of reminiscence when your friends see these maps. Get them TODAY!

Meuse-Argonne ---------- 50 cents
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THE LEGION BOOK SERVICE
of The American Legion Weekly
Indianapolis, Indiana

member, was to crawl under the bed in our billet and squeak "Coo-coo, coo-coo!" until pulled out by one leg, whereupon she would smile divinely and bolt back under again.

We of the squad were fond of Marcelle, very fond, but patience has its limits. It reached the uttermost the evening when she rolled into the center of the blanket just as the dominoes were galloping their best and turned a perfect natural into a snake-eye of the vilest description.

"Coo-coo," observed Marcelle happily among the ruins.

The corporal picked her up, wriggling, and administered a stern lecture. Marcelle, who knew even less French than he did, merely gurgled and tried to swallow one of the dice. So ever thereafter when the ivories were rattling Marcelle was gently but firmly tied to the corner post of the bed by a wrap leggin and given a condiment can to play with. When the last day came and we marched away Marcelle was sitting on a wall at the edge of the village waving the rag doll the sergeant had made for her and calling "Coo-coo" to the troops. I know that she, for one, enjoyed Americans.

Since those wandering and rather adventuresome days a number of things have been remarked about the French, both in the public prints and in the halls of international statesmanship, but I can't say that I have paid a great deal of attention to the vivid chatter that has been flying around over all our heads. It is sufficient for me to remember, when the young men saunter over to my desk next to the window, that Sharlee of the moustaches was a joy forever; that Edouard, the gendarme, on more than one occasion insisted that the café keep open an extra quarter of an hour so that his camarade Américain could finish his bière; that Madame Julie's list of Yanks who could have credit until the next pay day was as long as the Western Front; and that Marcelle was a good kid.

If statesmen and diplomats really want to make complaints about the French I'll give them something worth while to complain about. They ought to take up the system in the public bath-houses over there and make them issue a piece of soap that is larger than a half-dollar. I know I thought my first one was a hat check.

My A. E. F. Husband

(Continued from page 6)

worth while and gladsome to the American father, whether he be an ex-private or an ex-colonel—parental felicities recognize no rank. I know one Jacqueline whose father was orderly to General Pershing, and the commander-in-chief of the A. E. F. served as godfather, *in absentia*, for this child. I know another whose dad was judge advocate of the Eightieth Division. I know a third whose father, a captain in the A. E. F., is a millionaire in civil life, while a fourth says papa to a former buck private whose only wealth is his physical, mental and moral strength.

I know a Methodist preacher who abandoned a wealthy church in the Oklahoma conference who is now a clerk in an American bank in Paris, all for the love of his French wife. I know a newspaperman whose Paris salary is exactly one-fourth of what it was in Chicago. What caused him to exchange positions? A little French girl by the name of Jeanne. I know an American lawyer who abandoned a lucrative practice in Virginia in order to wed the Frenchwoman of his choice.

In truth, ninety per cent of the A. E. F. soldiers who married Frenchwomen and remained in France did so at a considerable financial sacrifice. Many a Frenchman, I confess, would not have done it; and to me these sacrifices furnish irrefutable proof that these Franco-American ménages are successful. "Where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also." In these cases, the treasure—asserts my husband—is a French wife, and not a certain monthly salary.

When you discover an American soldier permanently in France, in most instances you can apply the French rule "Cherchez la femme." You can almost be sure there's a woman in the case. There are exceptions, of course, such as the moody, eccentric, would-be poets and pseudo-artists who come to Paris to drink in inspiration at Montparnasse; what they generally drink is nothing but French wine. Then there are the pathological cases; the ex-soldiers who were "temperamentally disabled"; they were not literally shell-shocked, but the return to civil life has put their mental mechanism slightly out of gear; the war, the uniform, the dangers of the battlefield brought a certain ineffable glory to their lives, which is now lacking, and many of them are disconsolate because the war is over. Some of them would hail the outbreak of hostilities with glee. So they return to France, hoping to recover the superb thrill, the glorious élan of A. E. F. days, which, alas! they seldom find. But these cases are exceptional; in most instances there's a Frenchwoman behind the scenes, pulling the strings, when you discover an ex-soldier in France.

French statistics show that more than fifty thousand Americans are permanent residents of France. I venture the guess that at least twenty percent of them are A. E. F. veterans married to Frenchwomen. In Paris alone it is estimated that there are five thousand Franco-American couples. They are of all classes—day laborers and attorneys, machinists and bank clerks, carpenters and doctors, masons and newspapermen. When Paris Post of The American Legion distributed bonus applications to A. E. F. veterans, requests were received from no less than 800 French cities, towns and hamlets. I can understand why an American abandons Main Street for Montmartre or Montparnasse, but when an A. E. F. soldier settles down in a diminutive village of the Aisne, Côte d'Or or the Gironde, ten kilometers from a railroad, where the only amusement is a motion picture show once a week, there can be only one explanation—a French wife.

Doubtless the American husband often thinks longingly of his old home town across the ocean; frequently he

must recall his dollar salary and the comforts—yes, luxuries—it afforded; sometimes certain French customs may grate on his nerves (and certain French customs, I avow, are stupid), yet he remains in France. I was born in a French village; I know how monotonous, how prosaic, how lacking in charm French village life may sometimes become; consequently, when I encounter such instances, I feel like quoting Scripture: "Greater love hath no man than this."

And, please, don't get the impression that life for the A. E. F. veteran who resides in Paris is one constant round of pleasure. My husband has been to Montmartre once in three years, and I was along; we acted as guides for three American maiden ladies who wanted to see the fake wickedness that Paris fabricates especially for Americans. Once in a while we enjoy an hour in a sidewalk café, sipping a café crème or something stronger. But the chief ingredients of my husband's life are work, meals, sleep, and playing with Jacqueline. I do not deny that life in Paris is agreeable, but the baker, the butcher and the groceryman must be paid regularly, just as in Ada, Ohio, or McKeesport, Pennsylvania. Since the only way to acquire money honestly in Paris is to work for it, daily toil occupies so much time that the ordinary A. E. F. veteran has little leisure for Paris pleasures.

When my friends ask me what are the ingredients for a successful Franco-American marriage like mine, I reply, "The same as for any other marriage. Nationality has nothing to do with it." There must be mutual love and respect; there must be absolute honesty between husband and wife; there must be a certain similarity in taste and inclinations; both man and wife must be approximately on the same intellectual and moral level.

In my case the language difficulty did not exist, since I know English and my husband knows French. As to religion, it is my observation that there are as many religions as there are individuals. My husband was labeled a Methodist; I was tagged a Catholic, but when we compared views we discovered that we agreed on essentials, that we both subordinated creed to service, that we both considered true religion to consist of Micah's verse, "to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before thy God." As for Jacqueline, little does it matter to us what theological tag she bears, if she be a genuine Christian in her daily life.

On morals and ethics we discovered that our ideals were identical—honesty, truthfulness, squareness, fairplay. Indeed, I think my husband was so honest that he became dishonest; he deliberately depreciated himself, his education, and his earning capacities. (He insists that I was guilty of the same fault—or virtue.) He was constantly saying, "Remember, I have no aristocratic blood in my veins; my father is a workingman, and my grandfather was a Swedish peasant." I responded in similar vein. This self-abasement, however, had its advantages; it has spared us many disappointments; there has been no rude awakening to ugly, unexpected, unsuspected facts.

If certain Franco-American marriages failed, it was because one great law of Nature was violated: "What God hath put asunder, let no man join together"—a law that man disobeys at his peril, as many A. E. F. veterans realize today. God has certainly put asunder ignorance from culture, religious zeal from arid unfaith, Christian ethics from lack of morals, and still certain Franco-American couples attempted to join them together. The disappointment, disillusionment and divorce which resulted were inevitable.

Further, in the marriages that succeeded there was no cheating. When the A. E. F. lieutenant misrepresented his social position and financial standing, the anger of his French wife on discovering the truth is both understandable and pardonable. If it was the French girl who was guilty of misrepresentation, all our sympathies rightfully go to the American husband. Such unions went to smash because they were based on falsehood.

But such unions are the exception. Of that I am persuaded, although I have no official statistics to prove it. Still, I have traveled extensively through France; so has my husband; and the data thus collected, reinforced by letters and the observation of friends, convinces me that there are perhaps ten thousand Franco-American ménages in France today that deserve the adjective successful. This is a by-product of the World War of which neither France nor America—nor Dan Cupid—need be ashamed.

As a Frenchwoman, I despise war as a stupid, brutal, horrible thing. Has not my own country been invaded four times during the past century? Does not France always bear the brunt of the invasion? Is not France generally the battleground for other nations? And still, out of the World War there came some good. Out of the misery, bloodshed and anguish of the last holocaust, a number of Frenchwomen, limited it is true, were able to snatch some little portion of happiness for themselves. I was one of these fortunate women, and in my case this felicity consists of my marital happiness, my Jacqueline, and—my A. E. F. husband.

TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this department. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

M. ANTJOULI, *George Dilboy Post, New York City.* D. June 10. Served with Co. L, 350th Inf., 88th Div.

JOHN A. BENNETT, *Frazer-Barnitz Post, Philadelphia, Pa.* D. at State Sanatorium, South Mountain, Pa., May 29. Served with 333d Fire and Guard Co., Camp Mills, N. Y.

N. C. BLIGAARD, *Omaha (Neb.) Post.* D. June 1, aged 34. Served wtih Co. A, 23d M. G. Bn.

A. H. BOYKIN, *Sumter (S. C.) Post.* D. Jan. 3. Served in Army.

ELBERT O. DAY, *Henry H. Houston 2d Post, Germantown, Pa.* D. June 13, aged 39. 1st Lt. M. C., attached to Base Hosp. 151.

CRELL C. HIATT, *Valley Post, Glasgow, Mont.* Drowned May 30, aged 36. Served in A. E. F.

KIDWELL R. MACKNIGHT, *Railroad Post, St. Paul, Minn.* D. June 12. Served with Co. E, 33d Engineers.

HUGH MCBRIDE, *Hazleton (Pa.) Post.* D. Feb. 5, aged 43. Served in Co. I, 18th Inf.

GEORGE MCCOY, *Auburn (Neb.) Post.* D. May 14. Served with 2d Training Bn., S. C., Camp Meade, Md.

JOSEPH E. MCKERNAN, *Lee Post, Sanford, N. C.* D. May 19, aged 37. Served with Utilities Det.

CHARLES H. POWELL, *Greenville (Ill.) Post.* D. May 12, aged 62. Major, M. R. C.

A 2-in-1 Shine makes shoes that have been "in the service" look new again

He wore 'em a while during the Big Scrimmage and there's still a lot of wear left—shined up, they can step into any man's office and be a credit.

"2-in-1" nourishes shoe leather, just as food nourishes the body. And what a bright, crisp, clean shine!

Send 10c for remarkable booklet, "Footprints of History"—also advises how to care for shoes.

Write today.

F. F. DALLEY CO.
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270 Military Road
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No. 20.

Shoe Polish 2 IN 1 Shining Kit

I Offer You $8.00 a Day and a DODGE TOURING CAR

Write quick for new proposition. We offer $8.00 a day and a new Dodge touring car, for demonstrating and taking orders for Comer All-Weather Topcoats and Raincoats. Spare time. No experience required. Sample outfit free. Write now.

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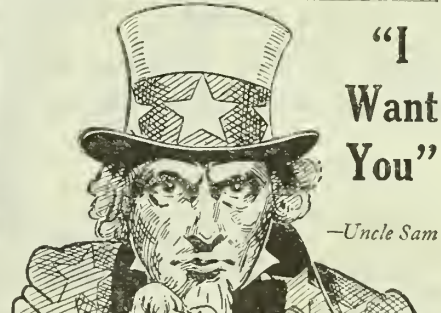

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—Uncle Sam

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Every Ex-Service Man Should Mail Coupon Immediately

Steady Work — No Layoffs — Paid Vacations

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Sirs: Send me, without charge, (1) Sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions and free sample coaching; (2) List of many Government jobs obtainable; (3) Tell me how I can get a position; (4) Send information regarding preference to ex-service men.

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Bursts *and* Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

In Detail

A colored laborer, doing a hauling job, was informed that he could not get his money until he had submitted an itemized statement. After much meditation, he evolved the following bill:

"3 comes and 3 goes at 4 bits a went —$3."

What! Going So Soon?

[*Dispatch to Park City (Md.) Daily News*]

ENID, Okla.—Damages estimated at $200,000 were caused by fire which swept the business district of Cherokee in Alfalfa County early today. Seven business houses were destroyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison have made many friends here who will regret to see them leave.

C. O. D.

"Hear yo' been to de jailhouse," remarked the friend of the colored defendant. "What yo' charged wif?"

"Ah dunno what am de exac' residue," replied the offender against law and order, "but so fur, Ah done paid mah lawyer ten dollahs."

O Death, Where Is Thy Sting?

[*From the Boston Globe*]

Mrs. A——— D——— died yesterday. Whist and general dancing followed.

Full Revenge

"But," objected the reluctant prospect, "I hate to listen to radio programs."

"Ah, there you have them!" was the retort of the persuasive salesman. "Then buy a set and tune out."

This Speedy Age

[*From the Hazleton (Pa.) Plain Speaker*]

The airplanes which were to report the race by radio were not prepared for the quick start, and did not get aloft until nearly half an hour after the race began. Mayor Hackett of Albany, the "official starter," arrived twenty minutes after the departure.

Not Expected

Gene: "I love you."

Phoebe: "I'm sorry, but I can't reciprocate."

Gene: "Oh, that's all right. No nice girl does."

Meteorological Note

[*From the Oxford (Miss.) Eagle*]

The wind and the sun are having a debate the past few days, as to which one is the stronger, and I think the wind has won the victory, as it has been blowing pretty hard.

Repartee

"Seems to me," said the little grapefruit, "you're too full of juice."

Retorted the big grapefruit: "I don't want any back talk from a young squirt like you."

Take Them Right Along With You

[*Ad in Pittsburgh Press*]

The Rosenbaum Co. requires the service of several hundred thoroughly experienced ready-to-wear saleswomen.

A Tough Break

It was after the tornado.

"So when you came back from your visit," said a reporter to a man whose residence had been carried away, "you found your house totally demolished."

"Yes," answered the latter, "an', do you know, I had a sort of feelin' all along that we should of stayed home."

Paradise in Brief

[*Ad in the Pocatello (Idaho) Tribune*]

WANTED—To board three girls in reliable home with plenty of milk and no other children.

Truly Rural

The guest from the city was enjoying his first meal on the farm.

"What delicious beans!" he commented. "But I suppose they meant many hot hours in the fields."

"You bet they did," said his host. "We have to raise a good heap of truck to make enough to buy many cans of them beans."

Mother's voice from the next room: "You're up early this morning, Junior. Do you want breakfast now?"

Cooling a Bit

[*From the Ruthven (Iowa) Free Press*]

Although practically unacquainted here, her personality presents a most pleasant atmosphere and we feel that Mrs. Tishenbanner will count her friends as her acquaintances in a short time.

He Was

"You looked foolish the night you proposed to me," reminisced Mrs. Spatt.

"I could never deceive you, could I, darling?" her husband agreed.

A Slap at Annabelle

[*From the De Ruyter (N. Y.) Gleaner*]

The Work Together Club met with Mrs. Ida Sanford at Manlius Wednesday of last week. The June meeting will be held with Mrs. Annabelle Benedict on June 10th.

Unimpressed

"I'm selling a volume called 'The Power of Politeness,'" announced the book agent.

"I beg your pardon," replied the business man, as he kicked him downstairs, "but I've already read it."

The Poor Brute Was Hungry

[*Ad in Pontiac (Mich.) Daily Press*]

LOST—Black Dog, initials E. S. M., Tuesday afternoon, between Northville Sanataorium and Plymouth, containing blue and white silk dress.

Nice Nellie

Our Nellie, the dear little creature,
Was loudly extolled by her teature,
Because a toothache
Had kept her awache
Through the lengthy discourse of the preature. —*L. M. L.*

Well, Have It Your Own Way

[*Ad in New Orleans Times-Picayune*]

DAINTY GIRDLES—To have one of these thrown lovingly about one's shoulders on a moonlight night is pure, sheer romance! The glory of color, the beautiful picturesqueness of the garment make them the Bride's very own.....$59.75

Identified

Bowser: "Isn't that a strange woman?"

Pryor: "Yes, but how did you kuow my wife?"

How Else?

[*From Centralia (Ill.) Evening Sentinel*]

Born to Mr. and Mrs. M. R. McLaughlin, 721 S. Poplar street, a 6½ pound baby boy on April 7th, naked Kenneth Dale.

Limerix

A gay young chap, just from Paris,
Bought bootleg and went on a spris.
When he came to himself
He was laid on the shelf,
For he couldn't walk, listen or sis.
—*C. A. L.*

There was a young fellow named Sutton,
Who thought up a new collar button.
But still they'd roll under
The bureau, by thunder,
And so his big scheme got him nutt'n.
—*J. P. R.*

There was a maid in Haverstraw,
Who was both slow and cold—no thaw;
But came a shiek
Who stayed a week,
And now she breaks the speeding law.
—*T. J. M.*

A teasing young fellow was Leicester;
His friends he delighted to peicester;
Then into his life
Came an Amazon wife;
Now he's not so much of a jeicester.
—*I. G.*

But How's Father?

[*Bloomfield (N. J.) Independent Press*]

Mr. Bernard Fay of 32 James Street gave birth to a son in St. Mary's Hospital, Orange, Saturday. Mother and child are doing well.

Creature Comforts

[*Ad in the Atlanta Georgian*]

NEW house, 5 rooms, good street, fine for cow and chickeus, not crowded; convs. except gas.

Aw, So's Your Old Man

[*From Astoria (Ore.) Evening Budget*]

Mr. Hampton expects to move to Astoria right after July 1 with his wife and your old daughter.

This Jazz Age in Kansas

[*Pottawatomi Mission dispatch to the Holton (Kans.) Recorder*]

No news items have gone in from here for two weeks for the reason that nothing has happened, not even accidents nor the unexpected, so far as we know. People already know about the weather changes and that so-and-so ate Suuday dinner with so-and-so.

The AMERICAN LEGION Film Service PRESENTS

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Real—Fascinating—Thrilling

Legionnaires: Your theater manager will co-operate with you in bringing this picture to your city because it has box-office value. See him.

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National Headquarters, Indianapolis, Ind.

Please send me complete information about the new motion picture "You Can't Stand There".

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You're Next!

Thousands of People Have Grown New Hair in 30 Days With My New Scientific Treatment—*It Must Do the Same for You-Or No Cost!*

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

NEW hair for you in 30 days—or absolutely no cost! There's my offer to you right in black and white—without a single string attached to it. It makes no difference what the present condition of your hair is—whether it's half gone or all gone. I don't care what or how many preparations you've tried without results—my scientific treatment must grow new hair for you in thirty days or I stand the cost.

Now I do not say that all cases of baldness are curable. There are some that nothing in the world can help. Yet thousands of people have already tested and proved my remarkable treatment. In hundreds of seemingly hopeless cases it has worked wonders. Naturally I am downright positive that it can do the same in your case. But if a thirty-day trial proves I'm wrong—write me at once, tell me that my treatment has not done all I claimed for it. Without any excuses or alibis on my part—without asking you a single question—I'll see that the thirty-day trial won't cost you a cent!

I have found during many years' research and from experience gained in treating thousands of cases of baldness at the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., that in most cases of loss of hair the roots are not dead—but merely **dormant.**

It is useless and a waste of time and money to try and get down to these undernourished roots with tonics, massages, crude oil, etc., etc., for such measures only treat the **surface** of the skin.

But my scientific system involves the application of entirely new principles in stimulating hair growth. It penetrates **below** the surface of the scalp. It stimulates the dormant **roots.** It wakens them. The tiny capillaries begin to pump nature's own nourishment into them. Hair begins to grow again. It takes on body and color. No artificial hair foods—no rubbing. And here's the wonderful thing about this system. It is simple. You can use it at home—in any home that has electricity—easily—without the slightest discomfort.

HERE'S PROOF!

"The condition of my hair was very bad. After six weeks' treatment with the Thermocap my head was covered with short hair and it was no longer dull and lifeless. I kept up the treatment and in return I have as good a head of hair as anyone could wish." *Clarence Terpening, 158 South Cedar Street, Galesburg, Ill.*

"I used the Cap for 30 days when to my great surprise I could see a new coat of hair coming and now my hair is very near as good as it was when it first started to come out." *J. C. Regan, 176 West Street, Englewood, N. J.*

"Your Thermocap has done a wonderful thing in bringing back my hair where all other things had failed. The top of my head is now entirely covered with hair after using the Thermocap for about two months and new hair seems to be coming in all the time." *Harry A. Brown, 21 Hampton Place, Utica, N. Y.*

Free Booklet Tells All

There's no room here to tell you all about your hair—and about the amazing contract I offer you. But I will be glad to tell you all if you are interested. It's free—absolutely without any obligations. Just mail the coupon and I will send you in a plain envelope, without cost, a wonderfully interesting booklet that describes in detail the system that is proving a boon to thousands in this and other countries. Mail this coupon and the booklet will reach you by return mail.

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